

# A pretty Ballad of the Lord of Lorn, and the false steward



I was a worthy Lord of Lorn  
 He was a Lord of high degree,  
 He sent unto the Schale  
 to learn some civility.  
 He learned more learning in one day  
 than other children did in three  
 And then bespake the Schoolmaster,  
 unto him tenderly,  
 In faith thou art the honestest boy  
 that ere I blent on with mine eye,  
 I hope thou art some Casterling boy,  
 the help of Christ with thee.  
 He said he was no Casterling born  
 the child thus answered courteously  
 My father is the Lord of Lorn  
 and I his sovereyne.  
 The Schoolmaster turned round about  
 his angrie and he could not save  
 He marvelled the child could speak so wise  
 he being of so tender age.  
 He said a word to his Schale  
 the child was so goodly,  
 He took his leave of his Schale  
 and quickly he was gone.  
 And when he came to his father dear,  
 he knelt down upon his knee  
 I am come to you father he said  
 Gods blessing give you me  
 And what welcome thou he said  
 Gods blessing I give thee  
 What tidings hast thou brought my son  
 being come to school?  
 I have brought tidings father he said  
 no school it may be  
 I have a letter from all Scotland  
 but I can read it truly.  
 There were a Doctor in all this Realm  
 that he does in rich array,  
 I can write him a Lesson fast

The tune is green sleeves,  
 to learn in seven years day.  
 What is good tidings said the Lord  
 all in the place where I do stand,  
 My son thou shalt into France go  
 to learn the speeches of each land.  
 Who shall go with him said the Lady  
 husband we have no more but he.  
 Spoken he said my head Steward  
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 She said the Steward to an account  
 a thousand rouns she gave him: Non,  
 Yes good sir Steward be as good to my  
 when he is far from home. (child  
 If I be fall unto my young Lord  
 then God be like to me indeed.  
 And now to France they both are gone  
 and God be their good speed.  
 They had not been in France Land,  
 not three weeks unto an end,  
 But meat and drink the child got none  
 nor money in purse to spend.  
 The child ran to the Rivers side  
 he was fast to drink water then  
 And after followed the false Steward,  
 to put the child therein.  
 But when the child saw the child  
 he asked mercy pitifully.  
 O Steward et me have my life  
 what ere thou wilt my head.  
 He put off thy fair cloathing  
 and gave it me anon,  
 So put thee on thy steeple shirt,  
 with many a golden seam.  
 But when the child was stript naked  
 his body white as the lilly flower.  
 He might have bin seen for his body  
 a Princes paramour  
 He put him in an old kelter coat  
 and hie of the same above the knee  
 He bid him go to the shepherds house  
 to keep sheep on a lone lodely.  
 The child did say what shall be my name,  
 good Steward tell to me,  
 Thy name shall be poor doct then wear  
 that thy name shall be  
 The child came to the shepherds house  
 and asked mercy pitifully.  
 Yes good sir shepherds take me in  
 to keep sheep on a lone lodely.  
 But when the shepherds saw the child,  
 he was so pleasant in his eye.  
 I have no child I make thee my heir  
 thou shalt have my goods per-ty.  
 And then bespake the shepherds wife  
 unto the child so tenderly,  
 When thou take the sheep and go to the  
 and put them on a lone lodely. field  
 Now let us leave talk of the child  
 that is keeping sheep on a lone lodely  
 And we'll talk now of the false Steward  
 and of his false treachery

He bought himself three suits of apparrell  
 that any Lord might seem to wear  
 He went a wooing to the Dukedoms hter  
 and cal'd him self the Lord of Lorn,  
 The Duke he welcomed the young Lord  
 with three baked stags anon,  
 If he had with him the false Steward,  
 to the Devil he would have gone.  
 But when they were at Supper set  
 with dainty delicacies that was there  
 The Duke said if thou wilt wed my daughter  
 I'll give thee a thousand pound a year.  
 The Lady would see the red Buck run  
 and also so to hunt the Deer,  
 And with a hundred lusty men,  
 the Lady did a hunting go.  
 The Lady is a hunting god,  
 over fearfull that is so high.  
 There was the ware of a shepherds boy  
 with sheep on a lone lodely.  
 And ever he sighed and made moan  
 and cried out pitifully.  
 My father is the Lord of Lorn  
 and I hold not what I become of me.  
 And then bespake the Lady gay  
 and to her said the spake anon.  
 Go fetch me hither the shepherds boy  
 why m'keth he all this moan.  
 But when he came before the Lady,  
 he was not to learn his Courtesie  
 Where was thou born the bonny child  
 for whose sake m'keth thou all this mone  
 My dear friend Lady he said  
 is dead many years ago.  
 Tell thou to me then bonny child  
 tell me the truth and do not pe  
 Knowest thou not the young Lord of Lorn  
 is come a wooing unto me,  
 Yes forsooth then said the child  
 I know the Lord then verily,  
 The young Lord is a valiant Lord,  
 at home in his own Country.  
 Will leave the sheep thou bonny child  
 and come in service unto me,  
 Yes forsooth then said the child  
 at poor bidding will I be.  
 When the Steward lookt upon the child  
 he bewail'd him inwardly,  
 Where wast thou born thou baggage boy  
 or where is thy Country.  
 He down he down said the Lady gay  
 the child the Steward then presently  
 Without thou bear him more good will  
 thou get no love of me.  
 Then bespake the false Steward  
 unto the Lady softly.  
 At Aberdeen beyond the Seas  
 his father robbed thousands three



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**B**Ut then bespake the Lady gay,  
unto her father courteously  
Saying I have found a bonny child  
my eye overlaid to be.  
Not so not so turn said the Duke  
for so it may not be,  
For that young kins of Zorn that comes a  
will think something of thee & me  
The Duke had lookt upon the child,  
his face so pleasant to the eye,  
Till because thou loost horses well  
my groom of stables thou shalt be.  
The colts piced the horses well  
a two ye month to an end,  
He was so courteous and so true  
every man became his friend,  
He was a true serving to the water  
where he may drink verily.  
The great Gelling up with his head  
and hit the child above the eye,  
Who with his horse then said the child  
that ere were loaded thee,  
Thou little knowest what thou hast done  
thou hast stricken a Lord of high degree  
The Daughter was in her garden  
she heard the child make great noise.  
She ran to the child all weeping  
and left her maidens all alone.  
Sing on thy song thou bonny child  
I will release thee of thy pain,  
I have made an oath Lady he said  
I dare not tell my tale again,  
Spill the horse the tale thou loony child  
and so thy oath shall stand so.  
But when he told the horse his tale  
the Lady wept full tenderly,  
He do not thee my bonny child,  
for I will do more for thee,  
For I will send thy father word  
and he shall come and speak with me,  
I will do more my bonny child  
in faith I will do more for thee,  
And for thy sake my bonny child  
I'll put my wedding off months three,  
The Lady she did write a letter  
full pitifully with her own hand,  
She sent it to the Lord of Zorn  
whereas he dwells in fair Scotland  
But when the Lord had read the letter  
his Lady wept most tenderly.  
I know what would become of my child  
in such a far Country.  
The Lord said up his merry men,  
and all that he gave cloth and fa,

With seven Lords by his side,  
and in other cheer they he.  
The wine served and they did fall  
so far into France land,  
They were ware of the Lord of Lorn,  
With a porters staff in his hand,  
The Lords they moved hat and hand  
the servingmen fell on their knee,  
What folks be ponder said the steward  
that makes the porter courtesie.  
Thou art a false thief said the L. of Lorn  
no longer might I bear with thee,  
By the Law of France thou shalt be jugd  
whether it be to live or die,  
A Quest of Lords there chosen was  
to which they came hastily,  
But when the Quest was ended  
the said steward must dye.  
First they did him half hang  
and then they took him down anon  
And thou put him in boiling lead,  
and then was he den byed and bene,  
And then bespake the Lord of Zorn  
with many other Lords more,  
The Duke if you be as willing as we  
we'll have a marriage before we go,  
These children both they did rejoyce  
to hear the Lord his tale so ended,  
They had rather to day then to morrow  
so he would not be offended,  
But when the wedding ended was  
there was delicious dainty cheer,  
He'll tell you how long the wedding did last  
full twelve quarters of a year.  
Such a banquet there was wrought,  
the like was seen I say,  
Such a banquet there was wrought  
the like was never seen,  
The king of France brought with him then  
a hundred tun of good red wine.  
Five set of Musicians were to be seen  
that never rested night nor day,  
Also Italians there did sing  
till pleasantly with great joy.  
Thou have you heard what troubles great  
was necessarye joyes did cure.  
And happy news among the rest  
unto the worthy Lord of Lorn,  
Let rebels therefore warned be  
how in chief once they do pretend  
For God may suffer for a time  
but will disclose it in the end.